Makeba

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Makeba by Becca_vs_world

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Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh & Eddie Kaspbrak, Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Reddie - Relationship, Stenbrough - Relationship, The Losers Club - Relationship
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Summary:

Based off of the song Makeba by Jain
In which Richie made a couple comments about how Eddie is no fun, and now he must prove his boyfriend wrong

Makeba

Eddie felt a jump in his chest as soon as he and Beverly stepped into the house party. It was one of the last couple weeks of summer, going into their senior year. Beverly squeezed his hand knowingly, this night wasn't just for fun; this night was for some well-deserved therapy. Richie had made a few comments about how Eddie wasn't fun, and how he has wasted away his entire summer. Eddie scoffed at the memory, you know what he was? He was fun. Eddie Kaspbrak was fun. The argument that ensued caused them to take a break. Not breakup, but take a break. It seemed mutual, but Richie seemed better off than Eddie, and Beverly was the first one to take an initiative. She dragged him, along with the other losers, minus Richie (apparently he had something much more important to do tonight), to a party that her cousin was hosting.

"Good music." Eddie notes, and Bev smiles, bopping her head along to the deep base.

"Do you want to dance? Do you want a drink?" Bev asks, nodding over to the table where drinks were being distributed, along with a few cheap snacks.

Eddie seemed to weigh the pros and cons. He was fun, wasn't he? Did fun people drink? Should he drink? Beverly saw his thought process before he could give her an answer, and she simply grasped his hand, along with Ben's, and quickly the losers made a chain with their hands; Beverly leading them to the area of the house blocked off specifically for dancing.
The music didn't really resonate with Eddie as the last song had, but he started dancing anyway. All of them were dancing in separate groups, Mike with Ben, Beverly with Eddie, and Stan with Bill. It wasn't too bad, and Eddie was even having a little fun, or, at least more fun than he usually had at these kinds of parties. Bev noticed this, Beverly noticed everything.

"Maybe I should have a drink?" Eddie asks with uncertainty.

"You don't have to drink to be fun, Eddie. I know that's what you're trying to do. You're fun. You're fun all the time." Beverly smiles, and

Eddie feels like a million pounds have been lifted from his shoulders. “Do things that you want to do, not because you feel like you have to. That’s how smokers are born.” She chuckles.

“I have asthma.” Eddie speaks, continuing with the group’s ongoing joke that Eddie always used to get out of stuff he didn’t want to do.

(a mall kiosk comes up to them? “Sorry, I have asthma.”)

With that, Eddie throws his cares away, and the playlist pumping over the speakers must repeat, because the song that ended when they were coming in plays again. He immediately starts nodding his head. Everyone at the party seemed like they were feeling that particular song just as much as Eddie was, but soon enough the losers club was making their mark on this party. Bill and Stan were surrounded by a circle of people cheering them on as they hooked their right feet and started to jump in a circle. Eddie couldn’t help but laugh when he saw Mike and Ben taking turns twirling and dipping Beverly, a group of onlookers smiling and feeding off of their infectious energy.

Suddenly Eddie feels his fingers being intertwined with someone else’s. Their hands were warm, and he looked to the culprit to recognize her as Bev's cousin. She nods over to the table to their left, and without even thinking about it, Eddie nods. She leads him over and climbs on top of the table, pulling Eddie up with her. Almost immediately, they start doing a jig together, matching the beat of the music and Eddie's heartbeat. He was dancing with someone he barely knew, and still he was having the best time of his life, and he wasn’t even thinking about Richie, that is, until he feels a tug on his arm. His smile fades when he sees his boyfriend, his expression painted with concern.

“How much have you had to drink?” Richie asks, his tone half worried, half condescending. “You know you’re a lightweight.”

“I haven’t had anything to drink, Richard.” Eddie replies, taking his arm away as the song continues to play.

“Really? We’re calling each other our full names? Edward, get off the table. I’ll drive you home.” Richie speaks, reaching for his boyfriend’s

arm again, but Eddie slides away.

“Stop acting like you’re doing me a favor! You were complaining about how I’m not fun enough, and now that I’m actually having a good time—for the first time in a long time—you’re making me stop? Fuck off.” Eddie speaks, and it catches the attention of a few people.

“Eds,” Richie starts, but Eddie shakes his head, stomping his foot along to the music, putting his hands on Richie’s shoulders.

“Shut up. Shut up and just dance with me.” Eddie speaks, stepping down off of the table, and even though Richie’s jaw is dropped, he’s speechless. “Dance with me.”

The boys move together, Eddie still riled up from the night, so this time it’s Richie who has to catch up. Soon enough both of them are stomping and jumping and spinning that they don’t notice the crowd gather around them, cheering them on. By the end of the song, Eddie’s cheeks are sore from smiling so much, and Richie still doesn’t say anything, but he does lean in and kiss Eddie’s forehead.

“Your forehead is sweaty.” He states, and Eddie rolls his eyes, before Richie pulls him in for a real kiss.

A/N: I hope you all enjoyed! I always take requests, and my tumblr is becca-vs-world
Please don't steal my works! It's super rude and I will also probably cry before calling my lawyer.